

Morning Frost

Story: Morning Frost

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/3940170/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Family/Hurt/Comfort

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Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/554556/>

Last updated: 12/11/2007

Words: 932

Rating: K

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Drabble. She doesn't remember everything, but she doesn't really have to...

***Chapter 1*: Morning Frost**

Very short. Under 1000 words. I've always been fascinated by Prox. So I thought I ought to write something for the other fiery female from the north.

Morning Frost

I don't remember much about my parents.

I remember the smell of roasting meats over the fire, all the seasonings forming a golden glaze over what was to be our dinner. I remember the sound of saw blades wheezing through spiced wood in the back lot of our home, the tap of hammers and chisels.

The sweets mum used to make for us were flavoured with a syrup mother used to boil up in the spring. I remember how my sister once got a handful smeared all through her hair; and how she'd cried when mother had to snip off all her rosy red locks. At least it all grew back; everyone says she has mother's hair, the colour of rosy red flames and warm spices.

When I was younger I used to wander into the back of our home where the wood's all kept. At first it was because I'd thought I heard my father's voice again. I could pretend back then that all the chips on the floor were from his carving; that he'd just stepped out the back way for a moment to check on the snow fall. Every time I hear creaking on the roof, especially in winter, I like to think it's just him walking around up there. I know it was summer that time he walked about and almost put his foot through the rafters, but I don't want to know what else could make those thumps and bangs out there in the storms...

My sister used to cry a lot after the storm that changed everything. I don't remember much of that time.

On the first night, I remember our uncle taking me off to the side part of his large home, and how he sat across from me and spoke to me for a long time. It felt like hours cooped up in there with him. He was all dressed in the dark robes of his office, his crimson eyes boring holes into my skull. I was too sleepy to understand everything he said, I'd been woken up so suddenly by villagers storming into our home, I didn't understand.

He told me my sister and I could come and live with him, and asked me if I'd like that. I told him no, of course not, I wanted to stay with my parents. Then he told me what had happened to them, something about the storm and the lighthouse, and then he surprised me by taking me up into his arms and hugging me like he never used to do. I remember how he smelt like pipe-smoke and brandy, and how I sobbed and sobbed into his shoulder. But when he asked me again if I would like to come and live with him, of course, I told him no.

It was harder for me to convince my sister that we were doing the right thing. She would wake in the middle of the night and be screaming for mother, and I'd have to go in with mother's comb and run it through her hair for hours until she'd fall asleep again. Eventually the wood pile in father's back room came down to nothing, and I couldn't bear to burn any of his carvings around the house. We started sleeping in the same bed again, sometimes I'd wake up and find my sister hugging me in her sleep, only once do I remember waking up with my face all wet, and Karst was running mother's comb through my hair, trying to calm me down.

I remember how, in the spring, there was always this one patch of ground in the back of our lot where a small flower used to grow. It wasn't there in winter, and died quickly in the autumn, but it was always there again in spring, and stayed in bloom well through our short summer. It was small and red, with long petals stained with orange near the base; yellow sprouts came out from the inside. It wasn't very big, small enough to step on if you weren't careful. Father dug a small post into the ground next to it to ward the unwary away from its little growing spot.

In the autumn, the first cold snap always killed it and buried the tiny patch of brown earth from which it came. And I remember that. I haven't seen that flower since I was a girl, a small, little girl with her smaller sister clinging to her in the snow. A sister with one thumb stuck into her mouth, rosy red hair the colour of warm spices snipped and cut in a boyish manner. I remember how every year the first morning frost always killed that flower, and I remember how I never saw it again.

Just like my parents.

I mention Karst and Menardi's relationship to Puelle because I think it sort've fits. Never once in the game does Puelle mention Agatio when talking about the pair at Mars Lighthouse, it's always "We have to help Karst,", "something's wrong with Karst,", "Felix, go find Karst" etc. I noticed this and thought I might as well run with it.

Well, you read the snippet, review it? Written in about twenty minutes.